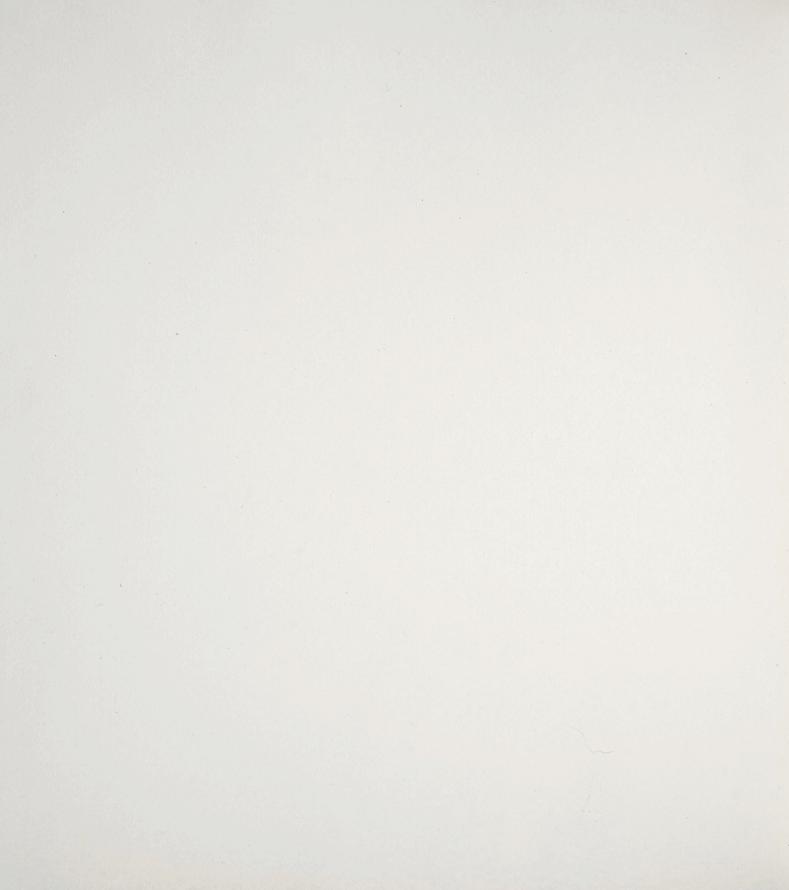
Rhymes

for our Times

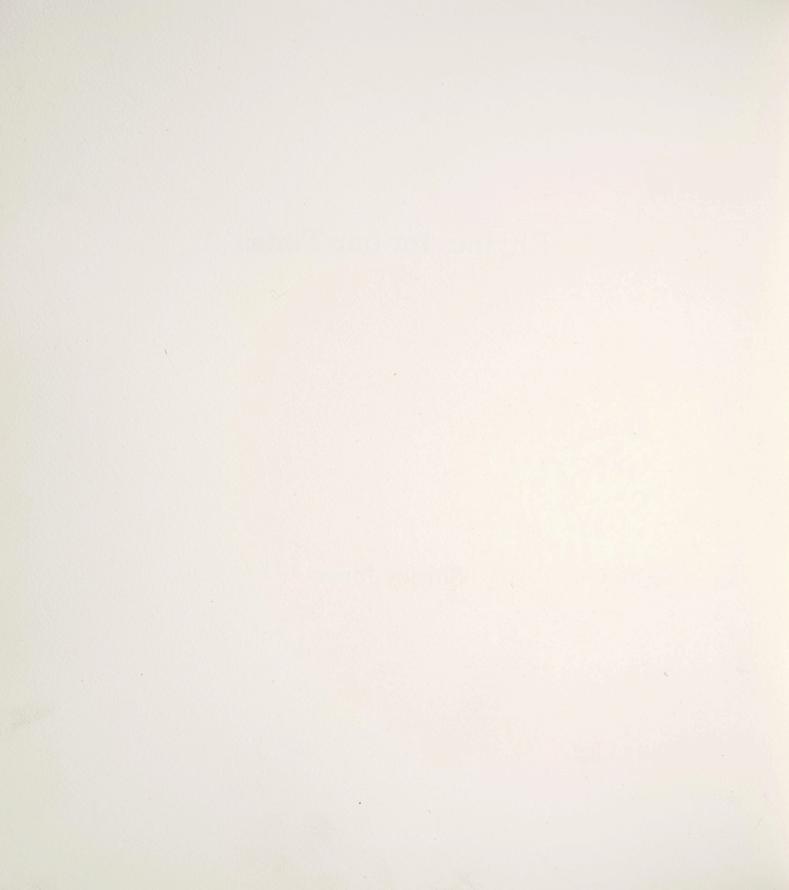






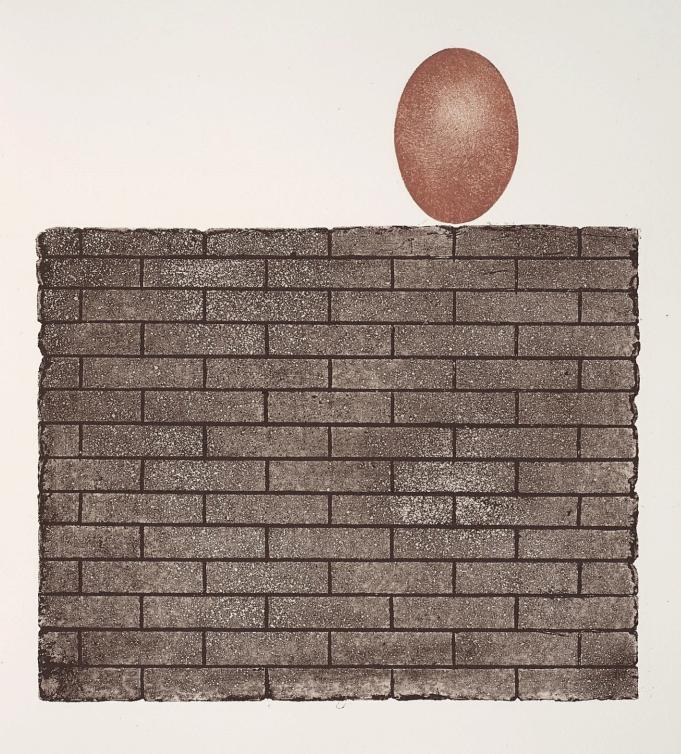
## Rhymes for our Times

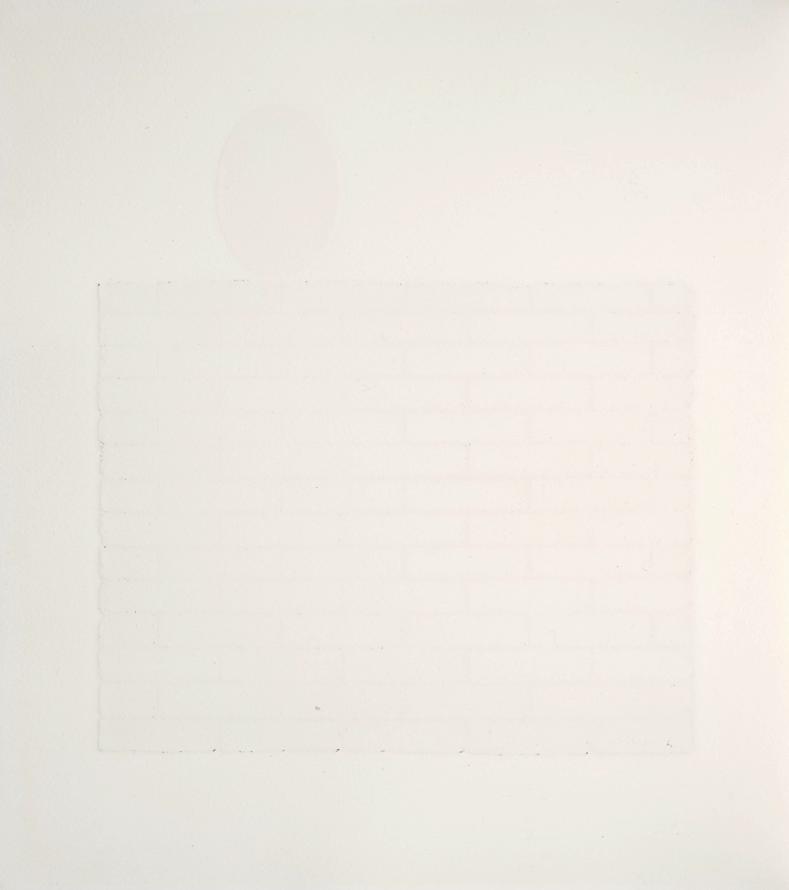
**Shirley Jones** 



Object Lesson

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall— An obvious place from which to fall. You needn't for my punch line beg: Humpty Dumpty's scrambled egg.





Women's Own Story



"You're a very fine swan, indeed!" said the ducks, And many a girl—
Despairing at what her mirror showed her—
Hoped, someday,
For the magic metamorphosis,
And waiting, waiting,
Missed her true vocation—
To be a well-adjusted duck.





Political Black Thoughts

Baa, baa, black sheep, Have you any wool? Yes, sir, yes, sir, Three bags full; One for Maggie Thatcher, One for Callaghan, And one I'll give to David Steele

For the seats he never won.

Baa, baa, black sheep, Have you any wool? Yes, sir, yes, sir, Three bags full; One is for Personal Tax, One for V.A.T., One is for rent and rates— And what is left for me?

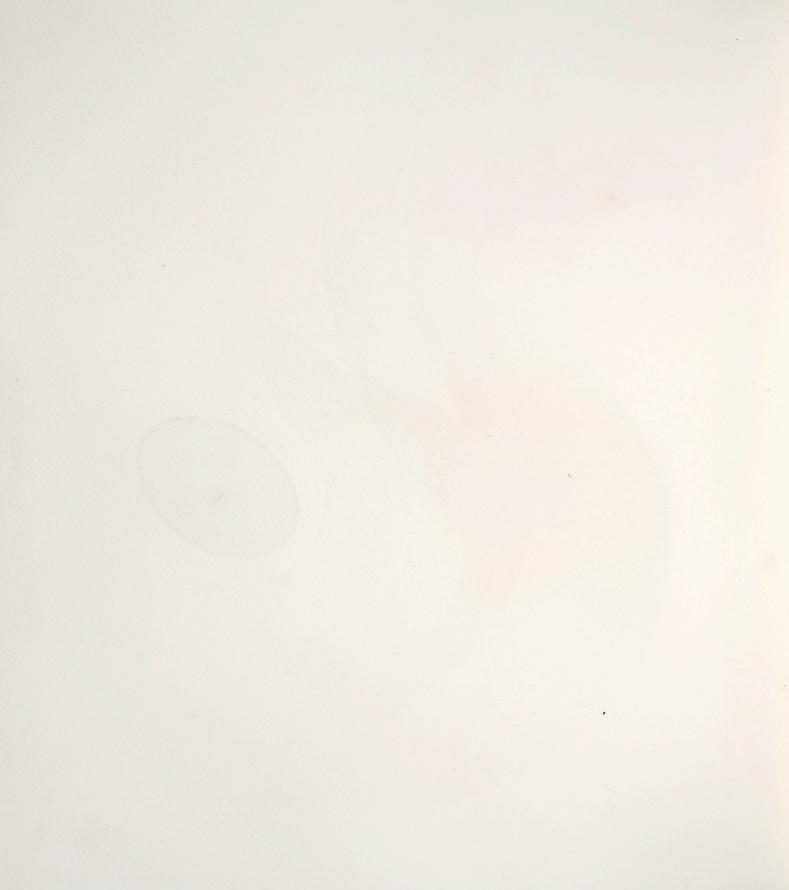




Listen with Mother

Goosey, Goosey Gander, where do you wander?
Upstairs, downstairs, in my lady's chamber.
And very fine experiences are gained in many a bed—
And other things you're left with too, or so I've heard it said.





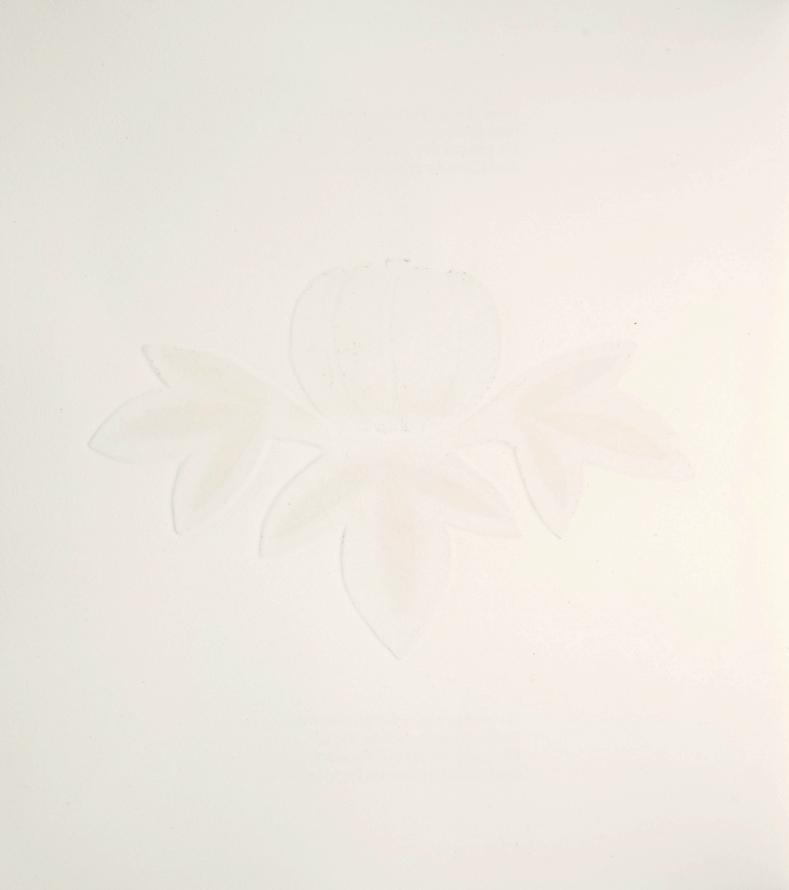
Sequence of Thought



Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree top, When the wind blows, the cradle will rock; When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall— Which really doesn't surprise me at all. Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater, Had a wife and couldn't keep her; He put her in a pumpkin shell, And there he kept her very well.



He couldn't keep his second wife, Decided that he'd take her life, Chopped her up in little pieces, Sent them as presents for his nieces.



For my Daughters

What are little girls made of, made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sunsilk shampoo, deodorants too,
Brushes and combs
Clothes piled in domes,
Talcum and make-up,
Shoes they should take up,
Discoes at half past eight,
Home, I think, far too late,
Not listening to what I say,
In bed for half the day,
Pop stars they're sure they love—
That's what my girls are made of.







Post Women's Lib



Up in Piccadilly, oh!
The ladies take their stand,
And when they meet a handsome lad
They'll take him by the hand—
He hopes!

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"Mind your own business, chauvinist!" she said.

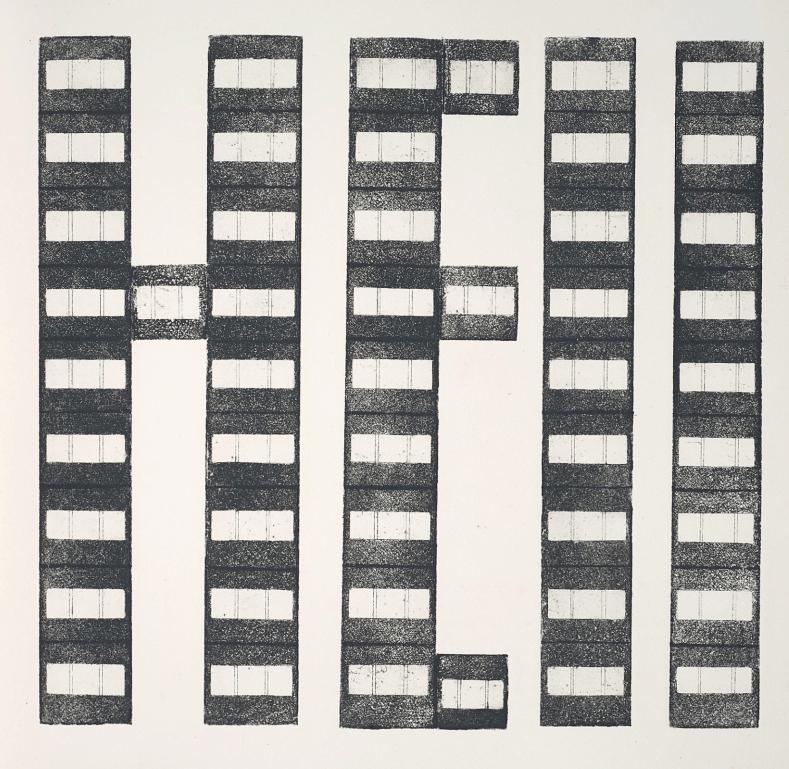




New Shoes for Old

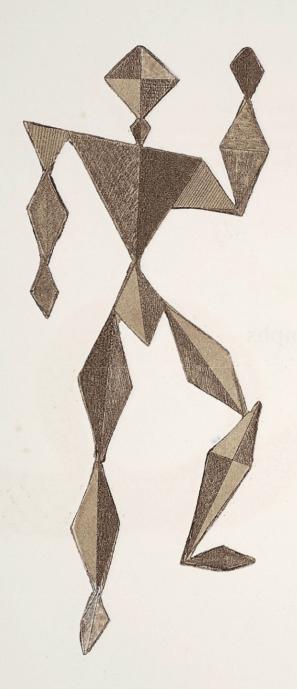
There was a young woman who lived in a flat With a baby, two toddlers and a neighbourhood cat. The flat was too high to take them all shopping, So sometimes she left them all safely locked in.

But once, when the woman returned with her shopping, And climbed up the stairs—as the lift wasn't working, Policemen and firemen were in there instead; Her flat was burned out and her children all dead.



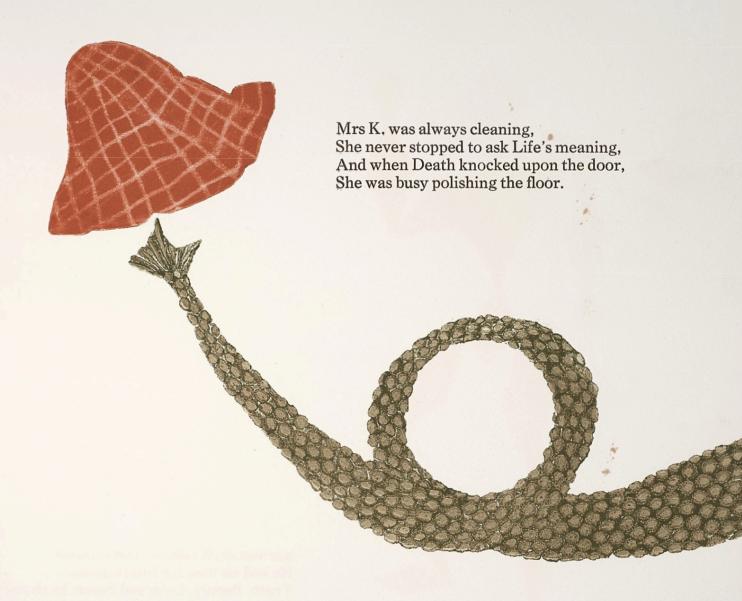


Epitaphs



Earnest dealt only in Abstractions— He had no time for Interactions. Truth, Beauty, Love and Peace, he thought, Should be the Principles for which men fought.

But seeking Beauty, Love passed him by. Fighting for Peace, he saw many die. And introduced, one day, to Truth, He found her surly and uncouth.



Evan Jones is always late, Late for school and late for tea. If a dinosaur went past his gate He'd be too late to go and see.



Prospects

I am the wheat, I am the reaper. My golden harvest will be my keeper.





Rhymes for our Times

is an oblique look at traditional nursery rhymes, with complementary colour prints using a variety of techniques. The edition, printed in Caslon type, on J. Green paper, is limited to twenty five copies, of which this is number

Shirley Jours 79

